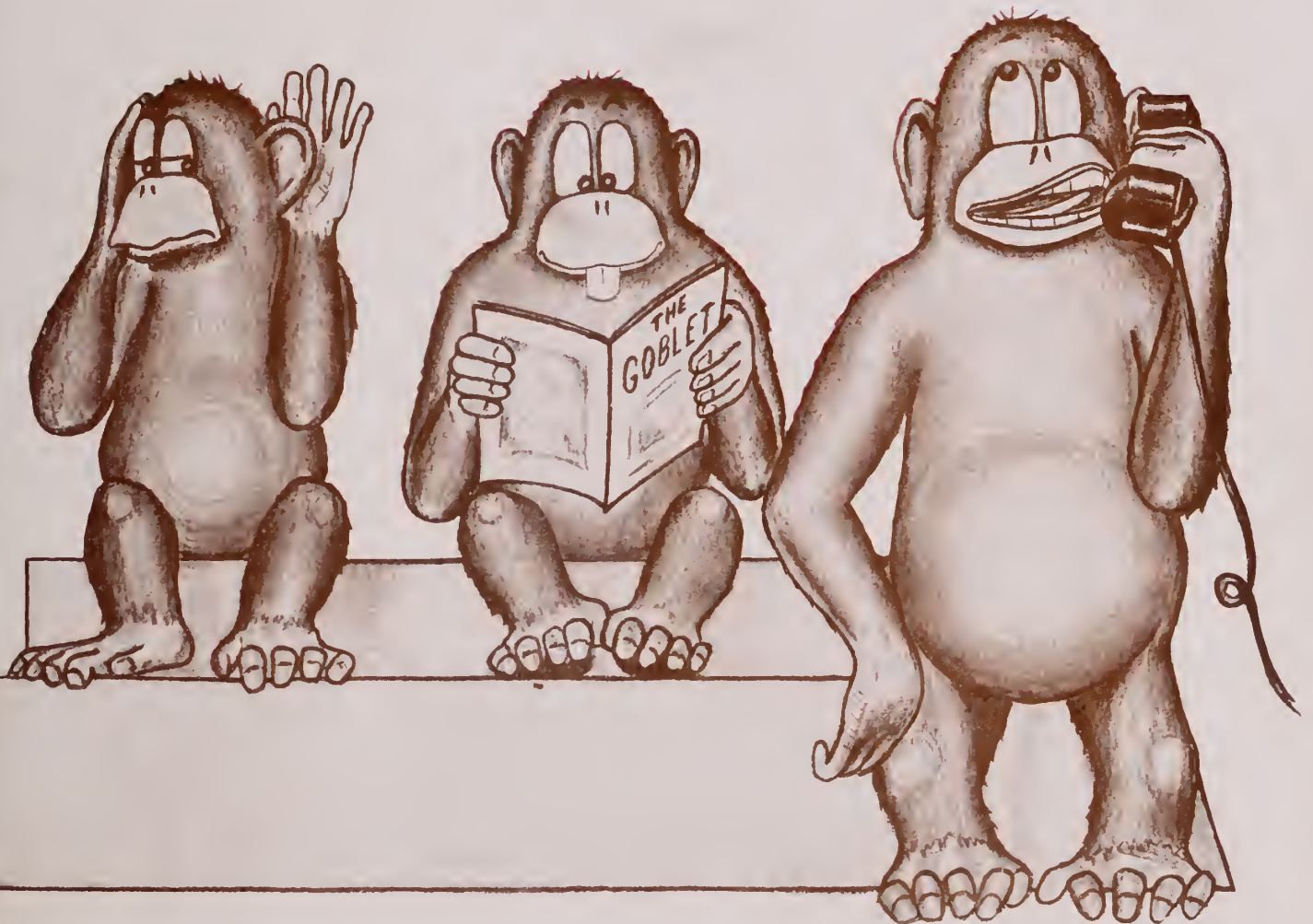


G *The Lehigh* **GOBLET**



ALL FOOLS ISSUE 25¢

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that's your proving
ground for any cigarette.
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to a "T."



GOBLET

LEHIGH
UNIVERSITY

ALL FOOLS
ISSUE

Vol. II — No. 1

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COVER

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IN THIS ISSUE

College humor magazines have once again appeared on the American university campus. From the icy wastes of New England to the cottonlands of the South; from the rockbound Atlantic to the white sands of the Pacific; the universities and colleges of this nation are today producing a new literature—one written by and for the coming generation of American intellectuals.

But often this literature is too light, too gay. The deeper underlying currents of serious thinking are overlooked, as young writers prostitute themselves for the sake of mere glibness. Too concerned with getting laughs—too engrossed in copying the style of the *"New Yorker"*—too wrapped up in their embryonic iconoclasm—or else overly absorbed in their petty sorties into the fields of plagiarism and libel—these magazines have failed in their primary objective.

Levity has its place, but a publication, if it is to justify its existence, can not depend solely on laughs. Too many times, in their unending search for mirth, these magazines will mock the very aspects of the American university system that they should most revere. We refuse to be drawn into this ever widening whirlpool, however.

Therefore, we of the *GOBLET* have prepared for the first time ever, an undergraduate collegiate publication that deals not in humor, but in fact. Marking a distinct departure from our early editorial policies, we herewith present the Lehigh issue of the Lehigh *GOBLET*—a coldly accurate report to the men of Lehigh, about their Alma Mater.

But this is more than merely a report on Lehigh University and the traditions that have made her great. Herein are chronicled the accomplishments and actions of her sons—at work, at play, and at meditation.

The *GOBLET* respectfully salutes Lehigh!

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Bethlehem Pa.

"Mamma, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."

* * *

And then there was the freshman who thought that the children of the Czar were called Czardines.

* * *

So she married that X-ray specialist. Wonder what he sees in her.

* * *

Freshman: "What do you repair these shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Freshman: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide! The cow's outside."

Freshman: "Let her come in. I'm not afraid."

* * *

When a girl finds she isn't the only pebble on the beach she generally becomes a little boulder.

* * *

Jane: "Lou is an awful pest. He never seems to know when to stop."

Kay: "That's strange; I was out with him last night and he found a dandy place."

* * *

"Hey, don't spit on the floor!"

"Whattsa' matter, does it leak?"

* * *

Old Lady: "Are you a little girl or a little boy?"

Child: "Sure. What else could I be?"

* * *

Lady (in bookstore): "What's that large book over there?"

Clerk: "That, madam, is 'Songs That Collegemen Sing'."

Lady: "And what is that little book next to it?"

Clerk: "That's the expurgated edition."

* * *

Senior "I don't think I deserve a zero."

Professor: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

Auctioneer: "What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?"

Man in Crowd: "That ain't Burns, that's Shakespeare."

Auctioneer: "Then the joke's on me, folks. That shows how much I know about the Bible."

* * *

Drunk (to bedecked bystander): "Shay, call me a cab, willya?"

Bystander: "My good man, I am not a doorman. I am a naval officer."

Drunk: "Awright. Call me a boat. I gotta get home someway."

* * *

The barber looked puzzled.

"Sir, your hat. You haven't removed your hat."

Instantly the absent-minded professor was all apologies. "I'm sorry," he said hastily, "I didn't know there were ladies present."

* * *

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the dance last night?"

"I don't know, but I think it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party!"

* * *

Lehigh Joe: "I just brought home a skunk."

Room-mate: "Where ya gonna keep him?"

Lehigh Joe: "I'm gonna tie him under the bed."

Room-mate: "What about the smell?"

Joe: "He'll have to get used to it like I did."

* * *

"Oh, Mrs. Flatbottom, I never seen a child as badly spoiled as that son of yours."

"Why, Mrs. Murphy. I don't believe you."

"Oh, yes he is. Just come out and look what the fire engine did to him."

* * *

College Boy: "What are your terms for students?"

Landlady: "I usually call them dead-beats and bums."

The greatness that is Lehigh University depends for the most part upon the men who form her student body. Throughout the years it has been the superior type man who has been attracted to South Mountain. In an effort to determine just why it is that Lehigh always attracts these born leaders and true intellectuals, the GOBLET has sponsored the "Why I Came To Lehigh" contest. The winning entries are printed below.

LETTERS TO THE GOBLET

Deah Suh,

So yo'all want to know why I come to Lehigh, suh? My father, Senator Cragborn, picked this heah school foh me because it was on SOUTH Mountain and in SOUTH Bethlehem. I'm even rooming at Moe Tinney's so as I ken be near that good old SOUTHERN Comfort. And while we're on the subject, I hope all you true Sons of the Confederacy will support me in mah drive to have the name of Packard Lab changed to Robert E. Lee Memorial Hall. I plan to take the horseless-carriage out of the lobby and put in a statue of that flower of the SOUTH, General Lee's horse, Traveller.

Sincerely,

Stonewall Jackson Cragborn '49

* * *

Dear Sir:

I was born, along with many other unfortunate children, in the town of Long Neck, Pa. I was born on the 1st of January, 1921, but all my life, I have wished I could have been born two days earlier, since I am now known as a 1921st-er and I am only 26 years old. But if I had been born only two days sooner, I could have been a 1920th-er and I would be 26 years old. This would mean, I could have voted one year sooner, and I could have gone to school one year longer.

When I was 13 years old, I was thrown out of school. I was very attached to the 5th grade since I had been there most of my life, and I liked the 5th grade teacher very much. She was a very kind, beautiful person who would say hello to me

every morning when I filled a pail of water for her. They threw me out of school because I decided one day that our love affair had gone far enough, and so I carried the teacher out of the school one day to marry her. Now she doesn't say hello to me anymore in the morning because I am not there to fill her pail with water.

Between the age of 13 and 18, I lived at home. This is when I decided to become an educated engineer. As I sat at home every day and pulled wings off flies that had been caught on fly paper and as I watched my father sleep from morning to night, I made a great discovery. I found myself pledging my life to a method of improving the lives of coal miners. You see, my mother came home every night from the coal mines, covered with the black coal dirt. (Most people in Long Neck were coal miners). This black coal dust made my father very angry, since he didn't like to see the black dirt on his food.

When I was 18 years old I was suddenly taken into the Army, but I didn't stay there very long. For some reason, I can't quite figure out why. I was sent home after a few months. I heard something about section 8, but I never could find it since I was never very good in arithmetic.

Now that I am out of the Army, and since I can't go back to school since the 5th grade teacher screams whenever she sees me, I have decided to come to Lehigh.

Sincerely,

Stanley (Slide) Roohl

(Continued on next page)

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LETTERS TO THE GOBLET (Cont'd)

Dear Mr. Goblet.

I wud like to enter yer "Why I Come to Lehigh" contest. I come to Lehigh becuz I got dam well fed up with puddling steel, and wanted to enter high school. I ast a fella what a good school wuz and he said Lehigh wuz a good school. Only I thought he meant Lee High was a good school. I told all my friends I wuz going to Lee High School, and when I found out it was a collitch I wuz too imbarressed to tell everyone what a mistake I made.

Yers, truely,
Galileo Newton
Tau Beta Pi
* * *

Dear Editor.

Why did I come to Lehigh? Well, it all started in an army barracks in 1944. One day my bunkmate, George Pfheltz, and myself weren't talking about sex or anything in particular. Out of a clear blue sky, George said, "Have you ever considered going to college?"

"Of course not," I retorted, happy in my ignorance.

"You should, you know, what with this GI bill they're talking about now," George advised. "Now take my old school for instance; there's a college for you. Parties, dances, always something going on. I'll never forget those good old days I spent in the Lehigh Valley." George smiled happily.

"But George," I questioned, "Didn't you have classes, too?"

"Classes?" he queried, noticeably startled. "Well, er—yes, we had classes, but—" And then George, always an orator, began to paint an oral portrait. When he finished, I was of the opinion that college was someplace where young men and women strolled blissfully among old ivy covered buildings, soaking up the academic atmosphere, singing old songs, and drinking old liquor. It didn't sound bad.

I mused over George's words—"Those good old days I spent in the Lehigh Valley." Lehigh,—Lehigh. I filed the name away in my memory.

About eighteen months later, the army found that it could dispense with the services of certain brigadier generals, second lieutenants, and members of the canine corps, and I found myself in one of those happy categories. Thrown ruthlessly into the maelstrom of civilian life, I was faced with going to work or marrying an heiress. I didn't know a single heiress. I was in dire straits.

One day while reading a sports page, I saw the words, "Lehigh scores smashing victory!" I glanced at the head of the column. It read "Late Chess Scores." My heart leaped! Lehigh! Here again was the college of George Pfheltz!

Several weeks later found me in the office of the Director of Admissions, Lehigh Univesity. The director had just received the results of my entrance exams. "It appears," he stated solemnly, glancing down at the typewritten results lying on his desk, "that you must have flunked out of school around the third grade level. In short, sir, you are, shall we say, ah—stupid?" He no doubt expected me to fly into a fit of pique at this remark. I didn't. My true mental status was no news to me.

The director stared at the ceiling pensively. "With a good slide rule—hmm—we might make an engineer out of you. No, on second thought, you're not even smart enough for that," he concluded.

Dejected, I found solace in the bars that I stopped into on my way to the railroad station. I boarded a train and headed for home.

Great was my surprise, when at my home, I found a telegram from the Director waiting for me. It read: **FOUND UNEXPECTED VACANCY FOR YOU. REPORT TUESDAY.**

(Continued on page 23)



The Lehigh Goblet Reports On The Lehigh Honor System

No Cheating on South Mountain
Despite New Scientific Advances

The success of the Lehigh Honor System depends entirely upon the voluntary cooperation of the students. In the photograph above Lehigh men, deeply moved by the revelation that a wristwatch had been developed in which crib notes could be concealed, voluntarily hand in all their watches to an S. P. just prior to entering the examination room. (S. P. does not, as some uninformed sources insist, stand for special proctor. In reality, the man thus designated is chosen for this honor by members of his class, and he is "so popular" that the initials of these words constitute his official title.)

It was only a few short weeks ago that millions of Americans picked up their issues of *Life* magazine and read with growing surprise and chagrin of the widespread cheating that was taking place at a large southwest university. The article revealed that in a poll of the student body, conducted by that school's undergraduate magazine, it had been determined that 67% of the students employed some form of crib notes or other dishonest means to pass their exams.

During the weeks immediately following, vast controversies were stirred up as educators and students aired their views on this shocking condition. For the most part these conflicting reports sought to shift the blame. But as more evidence piled up it became evident that all parties con-

cerned were willing to admit that cheating today is a widely employed method on most American college campuses.

At Lehigh University, however, this is not the case. For Lehigh, having realized long ago that the answer to the problem of dishonesty was strictly a moral one that was up to the students themselves, instituted the Lehigh Honor System. The *Goblet*, hoping to reaffirm the American public's faith in this nation's institutions of higher learning, herewith presents a pictorial review of this highly successful honor system.

These photographs were taken during the recent final examination period at Lehigh University. All are unposed, and were snapped without the knowledge of the men who appear in them.



A typical examination under the L. H. S. Shirtsleeves are rolled high and shoes and socks are not shed merely because they provide possible hiding places for crib notes, since no Lehigh men would think of cheating. (see pictures on opposite page) The sleeves are folded back to the armpit merely to keep the cuffs from irritating the

wrists as the hand moves while writing. The shoes and socks are removed to provide extra help in figuring out higher mathematics. (Unofficial figures indicate that this procedure often doubles the ability of Lehigh men during exams.)



Not only are men allowed to converse freely during examinations, but they are also allowed to perform experiments during the actual test period. The student (*left*) taking an exam in aerodynamics is actually using his examination paper to aid his classmates in answering a particular question.

(Note the barred windows, which are necessary to keep envious arts college students from crashing into this popular engineering examination.)



Outside the window, (*right*) another friendly S. P. has misunderstood the scene. Believing that some unfortunate student had inadvertently misplaced his examination paper, he carefully picks it up preparatory to returning it. A moment after the *Goblet* photographer had snapped this picture, the S. P. made a mad dash in the direction of the exam room, muttering, "Hope I make it in time!"



It is only once in a lifetime that a photographer will be on hand to record news just as it happens. Such was the happy occurrence, however, when *Goblet* news men were recording a typical Lehigh exam week. These are the first pictures ever to be made of someone actually trying to cheat during a final examination at South Mountain.

Members of the class (*left*) have discovered one of their number who had sneaked crib notes into the examination room. Irately they call for punitive measures. (Note in-



tense emotional strain plainly evident on the faces of the incensed students.)

After admitting that he had smuggled the notes into the room in a cavity of his wisdom tooth, the culprit broke down completely and begged to be punished. Realizing that his conscience had provided more torture than they could devise, his classmates and their S. P. forgive him (*right*), declaring that they wouldn't hurt a hair on his head. (Shirts were removed during this exam as a further evidence of the students good faith.)

Goblet House

**Publisher of fine literature,
presents the following books for
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Sixty Years Of Indian Affairs

by George "Two Gun" Harmon

Follow "Two Gun" as he strikes out for the West in his covered wagon! Stir to his dramatic accounts of battles with the Indians! Let your heart leap with his as he woos Pocakrevsky, the Indian maiden! Thrill to the accounts of the majestic, virgin West of the pioneers! This book is a heart-rending, soul-stirring saga of the search for love and adventure in the early West.

Two Years Before The Analysis

by Alpha Diefenderfer

The author of "*Mutiny On The Quantitative*" hits the best seller lists again with a terrifying tale of the search for gold in the Middle Ages. Leprechauns, Alchemists, sorcerers all flow from his pen like water from an overturned beaker. With an introduction by George Beck, the noted prophet and tea-leaf reader.

The Student Prince at Heidelberg

by Earl V. Crum

A delightful account of the life at the gay, bohemian, European university so well known for its beer, women, and merriment. Mr. Crum enters into the spirit of things excellently, every page is crammed full of escapades and drollery. A "must" for all college students.

The Carothers Report

by Neil Carothers

A startling expose of the chicanery, bribery, and corruption involved in the free silver movement. Told clearly, without prejudice, absolutely unbiased and documentary. Learn how gorgeous women acted as traps to lure unwary Congressmen to their doom; read of their drunken parties in opium dens. This report is a liberal education in itself.



The true merit of a school may be determined by the inventions and achievements of its graduates. At no university is this more evident than at eLhigh. It is almost inconceivable to contemplate an America today minus the products of the minds of Lehigh men. The GOBLET takes pleasure in presenting the following product of a Lehigh Education.

FATALITY TAKES A FIESTA

The secret of immortality was announced by Dr. Cecil Poon-Thyroid, researcher at Lehigh's department of alchemy, at a debauch of the Lehigh Intelligentsia, Men of Learning, and Little Thinkers Society in the Slag Room of the New Merchant Hotel last night.

"For centuries," Poon-Thyroid stated, "men have spent a good deal of their time sleeping. For centuries, men have invariably died. Science has at last put two and two together. The conclusion is obvious."

Dr. Poon-Thyroid pointed out the many similarities between sleep and death. "Sleeping," he said, "is nothing but a habit. Babies, too young to know any better, sleep a great deal; the habit becomes too strong to break. By constant indulgence of the practice throughout life, a man becomes saturated with ectomorphia, a newly discovered theoretical substance rather similar to ectoplasm. This substance, provided in ever-increasing quantities whenever the victim sleeps, eventually clogs the metabolism so completely that the result is the prolonged and deep sleep known as death."

Poon-Thyroid expressed an opinion that ecto-morphia is given off into the air from persons who have slept recently, and is breathed in by nearby individuals. The windows of the Slag Room were opened, admitting quantities of snow, soot, and ecto-morphia-free coal gas. Several members sleeping under tables in the clutches of ecto-morphia were observed to be awakened and refreshed by the happy change in atmosphere.

Dr. Poon-Thyroid described several methods of breaking the sleep

habit and thereby becoming immortal. He condemned beds roundly, and cited a time when he almost fell asleep in a bed. A sleep-thwarting device he recommended is counting pin-up girls—he stated that "One becomes so engrossed in what he is counting that he forgets all about sleeping."

Walking is also very helpful, especially for the individual still in the clutches of the habit. Poon-Thyroid said that he himself carries, wrapped around his waist, a twenty-foot length of thin but stout rope to which is attached a grappling-hook. When he is in danger of falling asleep walking, he throws out the grapple and hooks onto a passing bus or automobile. If the vehicle is moving at the proper rate of speed, then he is spun violently for a wild moment, and is then yanked into the street with a thrilling lunge and forced to run at a great rate. He states that he once was towed 438 miles in this manner.

The scientist also exhibited a special "class-room jacket" to be worn during economics lectures and in other situations requiring long endurance. The jacket is equipped with long needle-sharp steel prongs, which project just under the chin, at the back of the neck, and under the arm-pits. The relaxation which is the inevitable forerunner of sleep causes the body to slump against these points which dig in and jolt the wearer back to wakefulness. Poon-Thyroid also has developed a model which pours several hundred volts through the rods. He offered to sell either of these models to fellow members of the society at cost, but there were no applicants.

Some other recommended methods for staying awake included culture of a painful sore or wound which makes one too miserable to sleep, the carrying of ice or snow in inside pockets, sandpaper lining for underwear. "Anything that feels awful tends to help," Poon-Thyroid remarked. He said it is often well for potential immortals to work in pairs, equipped with pins, prods, or noise-makers. "Often," he stated, "a lively rivalry and even hatred can be worked up between the two."

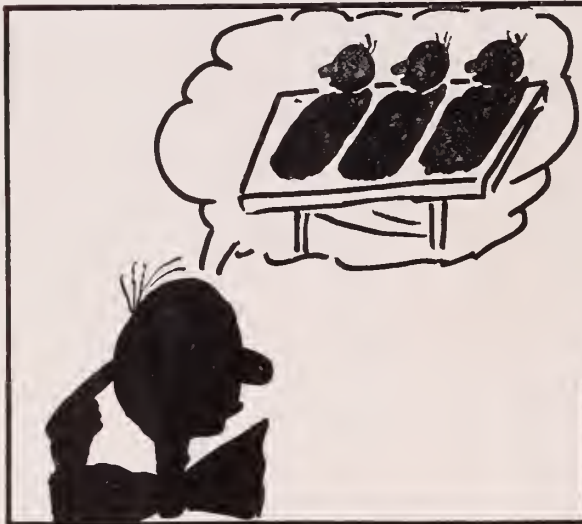
The meeting was concluded with the usual performance of the black mass.



Darling, those buttons are so cold!



If ardent swain on bended knee
Would stop to think that frequently



One and one add up to three.



Or four — or even more,

THE JOINER

*Why, yes, my friend, I do belong
To several large societies,
A Lodge or two, some brotherhoods
Of interesting varieties;
A rather active chapter
Of a huge association
Whose membership includes
Some names well known throughout the nation.*

*I was just elected chairman
Of a newly formed committee
Which shows promise of becoming
The most potent in the city.*

*My name, if you have noticed,
Has been linked with a great movement
That has mustered all its forces
In the battle for improvement.
I was also influential
In the forming of a faction
Which is doing first class work
In the combating of reaction.*

*I am coming from the meeting
Of a group whose worthy purpose
Is to block the plans of those
Who are attempting to usurp us.*

*I must hurry now to buy
My ticket for a huge convention
Whose agenda is too secret
For even me to mention.
My obligations are so many that I
Hardly find the time
To begin a — how's that? Buy a raffle?
I'm sorry old man, but I'm not working. Ta Ta.*

BY AL RUBENSTEIN
Respectfully Dedicated to the B.M.O.C.



He would remain a bach-el-or!

Clown and Gripe

Lehigh GOBLET

Vol. 2 Phew

No. 2 Phutile

eleven

Senior Honorary Pledging Ceremony Ends in Free for All

Beta Theta Omega's Charter Suspended Pending Investigation

As the Reamer of Undergraduates today announced that his office was investigating yesterday's riot at the Beta Theta Omega tapping ceremony, members of the Lehigh honorary still nursed bruises received in the melee that followed the initiation.

Members and pledges of the organization had met peacefully enough at Sneakout Point, on South Mountain, at noon yesterday for tapping ceremonies. The trouble started when Luvall Fellows, chief B.T.O. at Lehigh, attempted to tap Gregor Vorkyorpitchski, captain of last season's tiddlywinks team Gregor, somewhat of a violent character as tiddlywinks fans can well attest, maintained that Luvall had tapped him too hard, and tapped him back. Luvall immediately wet a washcloth and savagely smashed the Lehigh athlete across the face with it. Members of the society separated the men only with great difficulty, scraped Luvall off the turf, and attempted to continue the initiation.

However, fresh violence erupted as Luvall tried to pin some mouldy pieces of ribbon onto the breast of Honoraria Getta, news editor of the *Clown and Gripe*. Luvall, obviously rattled, pushed the pin through Honoraria's new hundred and twenty five dollar suit, and injured his left armpit. Honoraria immediately reached in his back pocket and slugged the B.T.O. president with a heavily loaded wallet.

In the ensuing riot, two seniors were thrown off the Sneakout Point, several girls from nearby Bagle Junior High School were assaulted, and Luvall lost his new lace pants.

Membership in the society is determined mainly by the success that candidates have experienced with crib notes, how much their fathers have donated to Lehigh, and whether they are the high type clean cut red blooded American boys that would make good B.T.O.'s.

Engineer Ball to Be Held; Slide Rule Sweetheart Chosen



Slide Rule Sweetheart

After a four year lapse, the Engineer Ball will again be held this semester. Some big wheel around here, whose name escapes us at the moment, is in charge of the affair which should be among the lousier held this year. A tired so-called swing band will provide the music, if we are to employ the term loosely. This combine recently appeared at some little jerkwater college around here and was so lousy that they were booed right off the platform.

The character whose name we keep forgetting pointed out that the money the committee saved by hiring the futile philharmonic will be used for graft. (When asked if any committee members were to receive salaries he replied, "Haw, haw! Are you kiddin'? Baby needs new shoes!")

The dance will be held sometime around St. Swithin's Day. No dates are necessary. Just buy your ticket early, because as that ineffable nonentity who's running this affair pointed out, "My Caddy needs a new cam!"

Oh, yes! To publicize the shindig some bright boy dreamed up the idea of running a contest to determine who was South Mountain's "Slide Rule Sweetheart." The beast whose picture accompanies this article won, over the three other entries. (One picture of a pet cat was disqualified.) Her name is Georgette Pghlehmixzes, she is employed by the Department of Sanitation of some small fishing municipality in western Pennsylvania, she's lovely, and she's engaged—to the chairman of the dance committee.

Copy Readers Added To Clown & Gripe Staff

In an attempt to free the *Clown and Gripe* from all typographical errors, fifteen copy readers have been added to the staff, added to the staff, added to the staff.

The addition of these men should put anend shrdlu the many complaints we have received ergneshridl from students about mistakes in the paper.

The score of the match was 24 to 3.

!!,??5784hgjft - - - 1ojd w

GROAN SOCIETY HOLDS MEETING

The Groan Society held another of its weekly concerts last Sunday. ergneshridl. In attendance were the London Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Korn Kobbler, Mr. Behop Saynow and Mr. Hoe-down Shmoe. Despite the crowded conditions necessitated by having three large orchestras in one room, and despite a crack in the New York Symphony, the concert was thoroughly enjoyed, especially by Mr. Shmoe who thinks the New York Orchestra is just duckie and as good as all get out.

After the concert, it was necessary to hold elections. Being one of the only two members in attendance, Mr. Shmoe favored throwing a coin in the air to determine who would be president of the society. Mr. Saynow settled the problem, however, by throwing Mr. Shmoe in the air. As Mr. Shmoe

Noted Alumnus Speaks to Students

J. Koomquat Twittle '16 returned to his alma mater last Tuesday to deliver a talk to all students of mining engineering on "How To Mine Your Own Business." Mr. Twittle is well known in hard coal circles. He has shoveled coal for the best concerns in America for the past twenty years.

Mr. Twittle made several profound remarks during his talk, the deepest of which was his statement that the Wilkes-Barre Coal Pit #6 went down 869 feet. At the end of his lecture Mr. Twittle issued a challenge to the youth of today to trample over all odds till it reached its goal. The challenge was immediately accepted by the audience, who trampled over Mr. Twittle in a charge for the exit.

came out tails, Mr. Saynow was elected president.

Clown and Gripe

Published by paid hirelings of the "Goblet"
Office Drown Hall

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Vol. 2 little — No. 2 lousy Black Friday, 1893

Down With the Busybodies!

We of the *Clown and Gripe* have long championed causes at Lehigh. Always, crusades have found us a willing warrior. But now we have outlived our usefulness — and all because of busybodies.

For years men have been straining their eyes while working at the library. There simply weren't enough lights. The dump was too dim! And for years the *Clown and Gripe*, in an unceasing effort to alleviate this condition, fought for new lighting.

And now what has happened?

What has been the result of our long struggle?

New lights have been installed. Some busybody had to go butt into something that didn't concern him. The *Clown and Gripe* has been robbed of its main source of editorial material.

Why can't people mind their own business?

Down with the library lights!

If this were the only instance of interference we wouldn't mind it so much. But other cases of the same meddling can also be cited.

We advocated unlocking the doors at Grace Hall to avert a tragedy. We fought to have the scoreboard repaired. In both cases our suggestions were followed.

This sort of action has gone far enough. Now is the time to choose. Does Lehigh want a newspaper with strong editorials or contented students?

Down with busybodies!

Down With Capitalism!

the *clown and gripe* does not favor communism. we do not favor socialism. we do not favor fascism. we don't even know what these terms mean. all we do say is down with capitalism.

capitalism confuses things. we'll give you a for instance. for instance we're smart; and since we are, we employ the various mechanical appliances that have simplified our twentieth century life. one of these appliances is the typewriter. (reported to have been invented by richard harding davis, an alumnus of lehigh university, who is also reported to have founded everything here except the veterans' bureau!) but we do not only use the typewriter — we use it correctly, employing the touch system.

now we're typing along merrily, not looking at the keyboard, when all of a sudden we come to a capital letter. we reach for the capital and hit it all right, but then our fingers come back to the wrong keys and it comes out XXX"L3y8ty &j8f34w857" instead of "Lehigh University."

that's why we say down with capitalism!

infactoreallysimplifyeverythingwesaydownwithallpunctuation

Up With the Goblet!

The latest issue of the Goblet, Lehigh's newest and best publication, is now on sale. The editors and staff did a bang-up job, and this issue is the best yet. Included among the hilarious contents is a side-splitting take-off on the *Clown and Gripe*. Don't miss it!

A Thweete Feature

by Emery Wheel

We all know Jason Thweete—the kindly lovable evil old university plumber—if not by sight, by smell. I daresay every undergraduate has seen the quaint, dripping figure clambering in or out of the many manholes that beautify our campus, or has shuddered in bed of a night at the fearful scream of some slaughtered dogs and the high-pitched cackle of Thweete himself as he prepared his evening meal. The very fact that Thweete once tried to dynamite South Mountain should endear him to every man on campus.

Your reporter encountered Thweete as he was going down for the third time in the Lamberton drainage system. As he clambered out, I edged to the leeward and began to interview him. The benign old philosopher stated that his past was his own —!x!x* business, but gradually I drew from him a fascinating and inspiring story. For some reason he took a liking to me —possibly it was the two quarts of gin I gave him. Of course it may have been the gallon of whisky, but it really doesn't make much difference.

We will skip, for reasons of space and common decency, the touching story of Jason Thweete's difficult early life, saying only that he was the only child of an alcoholic traveling salesman who did not admit anything, and that his life was full of stress and tumult. We will take up the story at the point where, young and idealistic, he entered college. He refuses to state what class he was in, and it is impossible to check, as a prominent and snobbish member of the same class had his name stricken from the record. Doesn't make much

difference anyway.

Thweete's days in school were a constant struggle. Handicapped by an unfortunate, rather simian lisp, he used to introduce himself by "Juth call me Thweete" and cruel class-mates hounded him with the chant:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Thugar ith Thweete
And tho are you!"

Urchins of the town took up this unkind ditty, adding it to their usual "Yay, studink!"

"They were mistaken all the same," Jason confided with a leer. "I really wasn't sweet at all—far from it." I assured him that I believed this.

It throws a revealing light upon the strange and exquisite soul of Jason Thweete when we discover that he was class poet; a post which he lost when a fellow student read an English assignment in Byron.

I asked him how it was that a Lehigh graduate had ever been admitted to a job as responsible as his. He explained that he had always been regarded with special favor by the Placement Bureau because of his exceptionally high scholastic standing. On his graduation they had secured him a choice position as a vat-cleaner in a rendering plant, but, when he became lonesome for the place that had meant so much to him, he was given the post he now fills.

Due to unfortunate limitations of space, it is impossible to tell here of the innumerable instances of sacrifice, faith, determination, laughter and vicious sadism that crowd the life of old Jason. We can

(Continued on page 14)

Letters to the Editor...

Dear Sir,

The other day while crossing the campus I noticed something that I believe should be called to the immediate attention of all authorities even remotely connected with maintaining the high standards of this university. In short, things of this sort must stop. Why can't Lehigh improve this deplorable condition?

And this isn't the first time that I've noticed it. The fair name of Lehigh has been besmirched. How long are these men, acting under the guise of a student organization, going to be allowed the freedom of their nefarious ways?

For years this has been going on. Is the faculty blind? Where are the campus cops? Why don't the deans do something about it? They should be strung up!

Let's stop this sort of stuff right now—for one and for all!

Righteously Indignantly Yours,
Omar Quadowitz
I.E. '49½

Ed. note: Thanks for your letter. The *Clown and Gripe* always welcomes constructive criticism of this helpful sort. The answers to your questions are (1) yes (2) out hunting seeing eye dogs for the faculty (3) they're helping the cops (4) isn't that sort of drastic?

THANKS!

The GOBLET would like to thank all of its friends who sent messages of condolence during its recent bereavement.

Foul Tips

By Thackeria

The other day while carefully perusing our copy of the New York *Daily Mirror* we ran across an item telling of a group of demagogues down in Washington that had decided against giving four month furloughs to a couple of guys named Blavis and Danchard. These two lads had recently starred on East Spot's parchesi team, and wanted to play a few seasons of professional parchesi before they got too old.

What isn't known however, is the fact that Blavis and Danchard had both begged to come to South Bethlehem to play parchesi for Lehigh. Just because the stupid, idiotic, closefisted, and reactionary administration refused to kick in the few million rasbuckniks that these men wanted to keep their Cadillacs from running out of buttermilk, East Spot stole them from us. What's the matter with the ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION? Don't they want Lehigh to have a championship parchesi squad? Is the ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION blind to the fact that the price of buttermilk has risen? These men have bookies to support. Is the ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION so hard-hearted that they won't part with a few millions or so greasy rasbuckniks?

Blavis and Danchard cried like babies when they were told they couldn't come to Lehigh. They wanted to play parchesi like mad. But the stinkily old ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION is just mean.

What's happened to the ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION?

* * *

Soon spring will be here. The birds will sing. Children will turn green once again, and trees will play jumprope and tag after school. Circuses will start coming around again, and everybody will be happy.

But not on South Mountain.

Not at Lehigh University.

Why?

THE ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION, again.

Why is Gargantua with Ringling Brothers? He wanted to come here. He's the kind of man that Lehigh needs! He's not like these other apes running around—he's bigger. But Lehigh says he's not smart enough. They say he couldn't pass the exams. (Not smart enough hell! We defy the Bored of Emissions to hang by their tails!) Just because of some silly ruling, Gargantua, one of the finest athletes in the country, was refused entrance to Lehigh. What's the matter with, for a change, the ALUM-

Gamblers Invade South Mountain



In this picture snapped at last season's championship charades contest, Heleverec demonstrates the skill that won him his All-American honors. (Unfortunately he had just stepped beyond the range of the camera as the shutter went click.)

Lehigh, Lafayette Break Off Relations

The oldest collitch rivalry in America was terminated last night as officials from Lehigh University and Lafayette College decided to break off relations. The arguments leading to the cessation of athletic encounters between the two institutions first started last fall during the championship marbles contest.

Lafayette accused the Engineers of "inchin-up," while the Lehigh coach protested that Lafayette was using loaded nibs. He did not state at the time just what they were loaded with.

Lafayette has long maintained that the rivalry was unfair on another basis. Lehigh is notably an easy school, and their athletes do nothing but play games on little slide rules all day, and get paid fabulous salaries. On the other hand, with Lafayette team members forced to take such courses as Ping-Pong Defenses 22, and Elements of Checkers-Courts' Construction 359, it was felt that the school did not have enough time to devote sufficient attention to its athletic program.

Lehigh will still continue to emphasize sports rather than studies according to athletic director, Mountain Kenisaw Chandler. Current plans call for the organization of mountain climbing, head-hunting, and infinitive splitting squads.

INUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION?

Gargantua cried like Blavis and Danchard when he was refused emission. The ALUMINUM GRUNT ASSOCIATION has been made monkeys of again.

Dart Says . . .

The gymnasium office will open early next Friday to allow athletic representatives of campus living groups enough time to sign up for gym credits for their respective groups. In the past these representatives have failed to sign up all the men in their living groups, with the result that the athletic department has had to take time out to do it themselves.

An intra-mural taffy pulling contest was won last week by Section 67½ of Drunkard House. A ducking for the apple contest will be held next month and medals will be handed out to all spectators.

In this week's intra-mural league:

All undefeated teams kept their slates clean—no chalk!

Heleverec Suspended Pending Probe

South Mountain athletic supporters snapped to attention last night as police and school officials descended on members of the athletic teams after Vonce Heleverec, erstwhile ace of last season's unsuccessful charades squad, revealed that two shady looking characters had approached him before the final game with Abnormal State and offered him twenty-five sticks of bubble gum if he would try to win.

Disclosure of the bribe attempt was not made until last night by Heleverec because of threats that the strangers had made. Heleverec declared that, before slinking out of the dressing room, the two men warned him to remain silent about their offer or his slide rule would be ruined. (Heleverec had just become the father of a new slide rule, with hollow slip stick for crib notes.) Although he failed to report the bribe offer immediately, Heleverec maintained in his statement that he did not accept the offer of thirty six lollypops, even though, as he said, "I'm a sucker fer doze tings!"

Local police announced that they believed the two men to be none other than the fugitives, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, who last winter attempted to bribe a talking homing pigeon into throwing a race. The plan fell through when the pigeon, who was not quite as chicken as Heleverec, squealed to the police. (At the time it was reported that the only reason the bribe was disclosed was due to the fact that the bird had become indignant when all the gang offered

(Continued on next page)

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Remember, if your car doesn't have turbomatic suspension you are practically walking.

Goblet to Get New Offices



New Goblet Offices

New buildings all the time are getting built at Lehigh. In front of the Physics building is getting built a new dispensary. Up on the mountain a new dormitory is being dug. Holes by Packer Hall are being constructed. Everyone is getting new buildings.

Not so with the GOBLET, though. That organization with a used building has to be content. To get a new building they're not good enough.

To plans released yesterday according, the GOBLET will occupy offices in the former Alumni Memorial building. The publication into their new home will move just as soon as quarters can be found for the group of unemployed educators now occupying the building.

A Theweete Feature . . .

(Continued from page 12)

only quote, and hope that they will be accepted and applied toward better lives, decent human understanding, and wholesome appreciation of the finer things the sage conclusions of a venerable and wise old philosopher. Jason Thweete's advice to the young student is memorable yet simple. 1—Never get caught cheating. 2—Never trust a professor. 3—Never trust anybody.

His reflection as he looked back over a long and crowded life was profound and fitting. He said—"I'd like to be out of the whole nasty mess."

News Briefs

Mr. Ima Doozy, member of the Tappa Keg house at Lehigh University, visited his mother at the Easton Prison for women over the past fortnight.

Members of the student International Placations Club will hold their annual picnic next week. All members are urged to bring their own radicals to roast.

PALACE

Now Playing:

The King's Hand

or

(he held a royal flush)

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The Home of the Drugs of Humanity

Stop in and see us if you offend — try a complimentary jar of DUMB!

remember:

Even the most cautious people may offend at times. You can't bring your bathtub with you but you can bring DUMB — the new sane method of stopping underarm perspiration — by removing underarms!

Gamblers Invade . . . Notices . . .

(Continued from page)

him was chicken-feed.)

School officials hastened to explain that the alleged fix will in no way affect the current policy insofar as the Engineer teams are concerned. As everyone knows pure athletics have always been a part of the Lehigh sports picture. Athletes are in no way paid, subsidized, or even aided. In fact, officials pointed out that in more than one case obstacles had actually been placed in the way of good athletes to keep them off South Mountain squads.

In a special statement prepared after the disclosure of the fix attempt, Jock Alonzo Rockne, chief athletic supporter on South Mountain declared, "It has long been against the policy of Lehigh University to win any intercollegiate athletic events, and this attempt on the part of paid thugs to sully our reputation will not alter the situation. Any member of a Lehigh team attempting to win a game will immediately be suspended!"

NILE "My Mummy's Mammy"

(confidentially it sphinx)

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

Where the Drunk Meet to Flunk

COME FOR A DAY OR A LIFETIME —

Swell Fellows

Neat Instructors

Peachy Times

REMEMBER:

Avoid the June rush — bust that course today!

GLOBE

BOB WATERFIELD in:

"THE OUTLAW"

BOLD

now playing:

**"The Beast with
Five Feet"**

Undergraduates!—Come to the Acey-Deucy Club meeting this Thursday. We have a peachy bunch of fellows, really, oh I'm not fooling, they are too. We had more fun last Thursday, it was simply wonderful. So if anyone wants to associate with some real nice boys (none of those rough C.E.'s, M.E.'s or Business men) just come around.

* * *

The Flying Club will meet Tuesday night at 36 degrees N.—56 degrees W. at 5000 feet.

* * *

The weekly reorganization meeting of Radio Brown and White will take place as usual at Drown hall on Wednesday evening at 8:00 p.m.

* * *

LOST: One wrestling meet, in the vicinity of Cornell, Iowa. Finder please return it to the gymnasium.

FOUND: One small individual who refuses to read the *Goblet*. Pieces can be picked up in the Arcadia office.

* * *

FOUND: Crib notes to money and banking exam. Loser can obtain them by reaching hand into the cash register behind the bar at Moe Finney's.

Unlike the majority of institutions Lehigh University does not believe in the use of examinations as a primary test of the students' knowledge. However, sometime such tests are unavoidable. But even on these rare occasions, those tests that are employed all contain the intelligent and efficient factors that can be found in this typical Lehigh examination.

T. S. 1, ELEMENTARY POLY PSYCH.

NAME

C NUMBER

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF POLYTROPIC PSYCHIOMETRY
10 MINUTE QUIZ, 8 A.M.

NOVEMBER 16, 1946

NOTICE: University Regulations do not tolerate the use of books, cribs, ponies, slide rules, erasers, pencils, pens, paper, habit-forming drugs, or anything, during quizzes. Talking, looking, listening, and smelling are prohibited. Any student found in communication with any other student by means of semaphore, radar, Boiler Code, etc., will be put to death.

1. The simple average of relatives method of index number computation always yields a higher number than a simple aggregative index of the same items. Do you agree? Why? How many times? How? What? When? Who? Eh?
TRUE_____FALSE_____
2. A man weighing 37 pounds leaps with a defiant cry from the top of Packer Hall. Neglect the weight of Packer Hall. Two seconds later the man changes his mind. Neglecting air resistance (a) Is it too late to turn back? b) If it is too late, compute the thickness of the man after the impact. c) Draw a demand curve of men who jump from Packer Hall. Show all work.
a._____b._____c._____
3. It is said that only half a dozen men thoroughly understand the theory of relativity. Name seven.
1._____2._____
4. A woman consists of only ninety-eight cents worth of chemicals. Draw a demand curve for women at 98 cents.
5. The political dogma which succeeded mercantilism was described as laissez faire. It was extremely individualistic, and an essential part of the idea was that the government should no longer interfere with the daily affairs of the individual. Evaluate the following:
F:l as Mdv:Dt
6. Evaluate the World Series by Simpson's Rule.
7. Write a 400 word theme on one of the following subjects:
1. Sladistat 2. Secular Molotony 3. Sawed Off Mortisforts

NOTE: By special permission, if the average of the section exceeds 98%, one hour off will be given at noon on Thanksgiving.

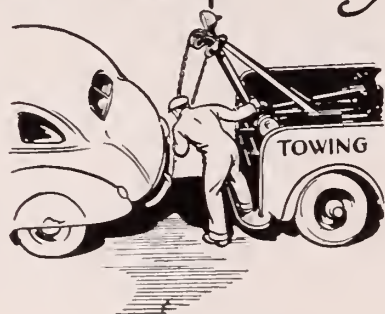
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Maid: "There are two men outside watching you dress."

Madam: "That's nothing. You should have seen the crowd when I was younger."

* * *

"Boy, oh boy! That was some blond you were out with last night. Where did you get her?"

"Dunno. I just opened up my bill-fold and there she was."

* * *

"She treats her husband like a Grecian god."

"How's that?"

"She places a burnt offering before him at every meal."

* * *

"Why are you making faces at that bulldog?"

"He started it."

* * *

"How can you keep eating at Lambert Hall every day?"

"Oh, I just take a tablespoonful of Drano after every meal."

* * *

"Sonny, don't use such bad words."

"Shakespeare used them."

"Well, don't play with him."

* * *

"My father was a great western politician."

"What did he run for?"

"The border."

* * *

His voice is just like his mind — guttural.

* * *

A man ambled into a tennis tournament and sat down on a bench. "Whose game?" he asked. A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

* * *

Freshman: "Why do the janitors at this college wear uniforms?"

Sophomore: "So we can tell them from the English professors."

* * *

"My room-mate fell downstairs last night with a fifth of whisky."

"Did he spill any?"

"No, he kept his mouth closed."

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OPEN EVENINGS

All at Lehigh is not work, however. Many are the moments of relaxation that students enjoy when exigencies of the classroom are not so pressing. During such moments there is nothing that South Mountain men enjoy doing more than losing themselves in contemplation, while listening to the serious type music described below by our music editor.

SURFACE NOISE

First on the list of records appropriate for April Fool's Day is "Minka" by Spike Jones and his new dance orchestra (Victor 20-1983). Despite the fact that "Minka" was intended as a dance number, it is even more golden corn than that produced by the old City Slickers. Its outstanding feature is George Rock's trumpet solo. Our boy, George, not only achieves that familiar sickening style of Harry James but also produces wails reminiscent of Clyde McCoy's "Sugar Blues." This record is so horrible that it probably will be the number one hit at every girls' school in the country.

Not to be overlooked is a reissue of "Easter Parade" by Guy Lombardo (Decca 23817). Undoubtedly one of Lombardo's best records, it is about as great a classic as Ted Maksymowicz's "Tancowaly Dwa Michaly" or the Okeh laughing record.

Highly entertaining but definitely not schmaltzmusik is "Besame Mucho" and "Paper Doll" by Wingy

Mannone (Capitol 347). Professor Mannone presents these two pop tunes of a few seasons ago in a manner all his own. Both sides contain plenty of torid dixieland plus unusual vocals. Also included are some fine clarinet and trumpet solos.

"Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans" by Louis Armstrong and his Dixieland Seven (Victor 20-2087) lacks nothing as far as personnel is concerned, but aside from that it leaves plenty to be desired. Although none of Armstrong's new recordings do him justice, he did, in a recent concert at Carnegie Hall, prove that he still deserves the title, "King Louis." For a sample of Armstrong's better trumpeting listen to his "Perdido Street Blues"

(Decca 18090) which has just been re-issued.

Decca has hit the jackpot again with a lively new album, "Jazz Concert at Eddie Condon's." This album is conclusive evidence that the members of the Condon gang are not the "mouldy figs" that the be-bopers would have us believe. Although most of the sides are by similar groups, there is no sign of monotony. Vocals are handled well by Jack Teagarden and "Bubbles" of the Buck and Bubbles team. Among the many surprises in the album is "Impromptu Ensemble No. 1" which turns out to be a new treatment of "Makin' Friends," an old favorite of the Chicagoans. All the solo work is of the highest quality — it has to be with men like James P. Johnson, Max Kaminsky, Joe Bushkin, Jack Teagarden, Bob Haggart, and George Whetling present. After hearing these records no one can truthfully say that jazz is as dead as a certain Lehigh freshman course in you-know-what.

by

John H. Treichler

ROYAL FLUSH

Lehigh University provides a good background for almost any field of endeavor that her graduates wish to enter. The following story was written by a Lehigh man who is very successful in the field of literature. He first became acquainted with the subject of which he writes when still an undergraduate at South Mountain — and many were the happy hours of research spent at Lehigh for the background materials for this story.

John Kellogg used to say that he hated gambling but he couldn't stay away from it. This came pretty near the truth. Gambling was like a drug in his blood, a drug that was deadly and poisonous yet stimulating and powerfully habit forming. The sick empty feeling in the stomach, the tension of betting high on a bluff, the fearful thrill of the showdown, were like masochistic pleasure to him—a stimulant, yet an evil poison.

The dream of the big killing haunted his mind and his dreams. He was owner of a prosperous grocery store, had a home which would have been paid for except for his gambling losses, and would have had a car but for the same reason. He had a wife, whom he loved, and two children. His life could be summed up as "the usual thing"—it was commonplace, usually dull—except for the gambling. The gambling made the life of this man something dangerous and exciting, something out of the ordinary, with intriguing potentialities for loss or gain. He had started out playing cautiously, for small stakes, but as the fever mounted in him he played for higher and higher stakes, got into bigger and bigger games, into too-big games, semi-professional, with men who could afford to play high, or who played for a living. As he lost, he played more desperately, frantically believing that if he could once make back his losses he'd quit forever. Sometimes he won but more often he didn't. The night he lost fifteen hundred dollars his wife had cried for hours, and talked of leaving him. He had stopped playing, after that, for nearly a month.

Tonight he was back. He had come back for his last game—to win back the nine thousand dollars he had dropped. He was determined to play cautiously and cagily, sensibly, taking no wild chances, remembering the odds. Sometime during the evening there would be one good hand—the law of averages dictated this. Then with luck, just a little luck (though he was through with trusting luck) he would make the big killing, gain back all he had lost and more too, and quit poker for good. He had come prepared—in his pocket was eight thousand dollars, all his savings, drawn from the bank that morning. With it was two thousand he had borrowed from the Fidelity Loan Company, "To fix up the store."

He had told his wife that he was going out of town, on business.

Now, after four hours of playing, he sat amid the broken rubble of his plans. They had been playing stud poker and he had been losing all through the game, a little at a time. His ten thousand had dribbled away slowly from pot to pot. He had played conservatively, hoarding his diminishing money like a miser. He

had even folded on a couple of hands he could have won, he was being so careful. Then he had thought he had it.

Playing his hunch he stayed in, bought, and filled his full house. Then, trying to look calm, he regarded the others . . . Chuck Fielly, the salesman, Tommy Thompkins, and Charles Lamoureux. Big Charles, who had regularly been taking his money. Big Charles raised, Kellogg matched him and raised again. Now the other two folded. It was between Big Charles and himself. When the showdown finally came Kellogg almost laughed as he showed his hand and reached for the pot. But the laugh died in his throat. Lamoureux had done it again. A full house—but with ace high.

Kellogg sat looking at Big Charles pulling in the chips. The big stub-fingered hands were like scoops, drawing the pile of precious disks across the table. The gaily colored chips, red and blue and white . . . years of earning and saving, work—drudgery, rather, in the store, canny investments. The bank account. The

(Continued on next page)



COMPLIMENTS
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Royal Flush . . .

two thousand borrowed at fantastic rates from the loan agency. Kellog felt sick—he wanted suddenly to run for the lavatory. He looked at Lamoureaux's big blond face. No expression on it—you're laughing and gloating behind your stolid pan, aren't you, you pig? And I owe you two thousand yet.

He owed two thousand to the other player, and two to the finance agency. Thank god, he still had the store. *The Store*. The words rolled around in his mind for some reason or other. The store. Everything in the game but the store. Then—why not gamble with the store? He grabbed at the idea. He felt sure, positive, if they'd give him money for the store, take it as security, let him stay in the game, he could win everything back.

He wasn't sure of his own voice as he stammered—"My store—I have a store. It's worth thirty five thousand. I want to put it in the game."

They all looked at him. Big Charles stared for a moment with his heavy-lidded pale eyes. "You sure you want to do that?" he asked. His voice was like his eyes and his face—expressionless. His question was more like a statement.

"Sure. Yes. Yes. It's all I got."

"O. K. Thirty thousand."

Thirty thousand, only thirty thousand. Thirty five had been a conservative estimate. The hell with dickering—he'd make it all back. "O. K., thirty thousand. It's worth more but . . . O. K.!"

So he signed a piece of paper that Big Charles wrote out, and Big Charles counted out thirty thousand dollars worth of chips, less the two thousand. Lamoureaux agreed to sell back the store for the same price if Kellog won that much in the game. The playing went on.

Kellog stayed in the first hand on a hunch, and because the law of averages would seem to show that he couldn't lose *every* hand. A hunch combined with the law of averages

(Continued on next page)

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Royal Flush . . .

must be a lucky combination. He glanced covertly at his hole card—it was the jack of diamonds. He had an ace of diamonds showing. The betting was increasingly heavy, but he stuck in, and was dealt successively the king of diamonds, the queen of diamonds, and, while tension whined in his ears as if he'd taken adrenalin, the ten of diamonds. He had the unbeatable hand—a royal flush!

There is no way of putting into words the exultance that welled through the soul of John Kellog. The big killing, the big hand—at last, at last he had it. With everything in the game, his savings, his store which represented his life's work, everything; at last luck, or averages, or whatever God it is that poker players pray to, had come through. He quelled an impulse to yell as loud as he could, exultantly. He wanted to

snatch up the cards and kiss them. He wanted to grab up all the beautiful, lovely chips on the table and fill his pockets. The money was all his already.

The other three men had good stuff showing; they would stick through heavy betting. Everything was perfect, unbelievable . . .

His hands shook as he raised the opener, raised one blue chip with another blue chip, raised five hundred dollars by another five hundred dollars. All he had to do was keep raising. He hoped his face didn't show anything, and that nobody noticed his hands shaking.

He kept raising, and big Charles kept raising. After putting three thousand each in the pot the other two boys folded. Big Charles stayed in. "Must think I'm bluffing," Kellog thought. "I hope so. Just keep raising, B. C. Just keep raising." He could see Lamoureux, behind his blank window eyes and his dead pan,

counting up the chips. You're going to get a let-down, Big Charles Lamoureux.

Something was building up in Kellog, a pressure or a tension—it was almost unendurable to keep a poker face, to control his thinking. His throat was dry, and something was gripping him there like painful fingers. He kept raising and raising. The unbeatable hand. Big Charles had only two pair showing.

The mounting pile of chips was a gauge of the tension in him. The gaudy little castle grew and spread, the towers of chips pushed his corked pressure higher and higher. He couldn't try to estimate the money in the pot—it was enough to pay back everything, and have left—no telling how much. He thought of his wife, how amazingly happy she'd be. He'd buy her everything. It was the big killing. The final payoff. He would pay all his debts and then really live. Buy presents for his wife. Yeah—

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The Eskimos are a sad race, all they do is sit around, eat whale meat and blubber.

* * *

"So you ate some uranium!"

"Yes, and now I have atomic ache."

* * *

College boy (after being caught speeding by a cop):

"What are you so mad about, it was a swell race and you won."

* * *

Customer: "Where is the menu?"

Waitress: "Down the aisle and first door to your right."

* * *

"Where have you been for the past few years?"

"At college taking medicine."

"Do you feel better now?"

* * *

King Arthur: "How much will you take for this suit of armor, Lancelot?"

Lancelot: "Three cents an ounce, Arthur. It's first class mail."

Royal Flush

(Continued from page 20)

diamonds—diamonds like he held in his hand. A handful of diamonds. Five big ones . . . the ace . . . the king . . . the queen . . . the jack . . . the ten . . . the JACK . . . the jack . . . the jack of HEARTS!

A steel bayonet stabbed through the top of his head, through his brain, his throat, his belly. He had no thought for a teetering moment, but a wild hellish swirl of emotion. All the tension twisted into another kind of deadly, nauseating shock. The dream and the joy came settling down in jagged fragments about him, and gradually he marshalled his thoughts into a rebellious hysterical control. He knew he had to think—if there were anyway out, he'd have to think his way out. The first thing that came was that he should grab the chips and run. Impossible. What else? He looked at the motionless Big Charles. Two pair could beat his worthless hand. Anything could beat it. From

the top to the bottom, from everything to nothing. He thought of his wife, so patient, un-critical, and all she'd put up with. The money he'd lost wasn't really all his—it was half hers. He thought of the kids, and of what he'd do now he'd lost the store, and of the plans he'd made, now ruined.

The only thing to do was bluff, and if he made one huge desperate bet—Big Charles might fold. If Lamoureux had been bluffing, he might scare him out. If not—

Kellog rapidly estimated his reserve. He had around fifteen hundred left. With a shudder he pushed them out in to the pot, breathed "Raise you."

Big Charles was startled into blinking. Slowly he reached out and

(Continued on page thirty three)

"He had a crib hidden in his shoe."

"Yes, I've often heard of those foot notes."

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Customer in drug store on Sunday morning: "Please give me change for a dime."

Druggist: "Here you are. I hope you enjoy the sermon."

"I like my work," said the taxicab driver, "I run into lots of nice people."

She (gasping): "Oh, please use two hands."

He: "Can't. Gotta drive with one."

A lad looking through a telescope muttered, "God!"

"G'wan," said his friend, "it ain't that powerful."

Women without principle draw considerable interest.

Syntax—The cover charge at a night club.

Many a fork in the road has been used for a spoon.

A hospital patient's challenge to a knock on his door: "Who goes there, friend or enema?"

A peacock is a gorgeous bird, but it takes a stork to deliver the goods.

"Will you love me after we're married?"

"Certainly, dear, I'm crazy about married women."

She: "I'm Suzoma, the oriental dancer."

He: "Shake."

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

"Hello. Is this Wasserman?"

"Yes."

"Are you positive?"

"What do you think of the situation in India?"

"Oh, it's just Gandhi."

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LETTERS TO THE GOBLET (Continued from page 4)

BRING YOUR CHECKBOOK. Elated as I was, tears filled my eyes. It was the last line that got me. "Bring your checkbook." Such tenderness! The old school ties were beginning to bind.

I soon took up residence in Bethlehem, renting a garret room on 4th Street that had previously been occupied by a Lehigh student who, unfortunately, passed away. I later learned that while climbing from crag to crag on South Mountain, from Packard Lab to Coppee Hall, he contracted a strange malady known as mountain-goat heart, a disease quite common among Alpine guides.

I'll never forget the first day of classes at Lehigh. Climbing innumerable flights of stairs, I entered a drab, grey room in Packer Hall. The room was noticeably darkened.

"Are we going to see movies?" I asked of a fellow student.

"Look, bub," replied the macabre character on my right, "This is as light as it ever gets in Packer Hall. You'll never have it so good again," he added.

The prof entered the room and began his lecture. Even now I remember some of his quaint phrases. "It will be readily apparent to the student . . . the answer will at once be obvious . . . we will disregard the trivial solution when x equals . . . read the first two thousand pages and come back tomorrow morning." Those were the easy days, the happy days. I like to look back on the days such as those when I had been at Lehigh only two weeks. Then I was only two weeks behind in my work.

The other day I met George Pfeltz on New Street.

"George," I said to him, "I think you're a damned liar! This Lehigh isn't quite the carefree clambake you painted it to be."

"Lehigh!" George exclaimed. "I never went to Lehigh. I believe I did mention attending school in the Lehigh Valley, though. I went to Lafayette," George concluded.

My sons will go to Lafayette!

Yours truly,

G. I. Munappy



I know how it is, chum — I'm a Phi Beta Kappa Myself!

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Vice versa—A poem about immor-
ality.

* * *

"What're ya studyin'?"
"Sociology."
"Hard?"
"Nope."
"Can ya cut often?"
"Never calls the roll."
"Much outside readin'?"
"None."
"Many tests?"
"No tests."
"Call on ya often?"
"Once a week."
"Thought there was a string to
it."

* * *

"I just got a check from home."
"Then pay me the five dollars you
owe me."
"Wait till I tell you the rest of the
dream."

* * *

Betty: "I thought I told you to
come after supper."
Joe: "That's what I came after."

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news
story."

Editor: "Man bite dog?"

Reporter: "No, bull throws pro-
fessor."

* * *

Girl Customer: "Does this lip-
stick come off easily?"

Cosmetic Clerk: "Not if you put
up a fight."

PUT DOWN THAT GUN, SON! WE WUZ ONLY FOOLIN'

Honest fellas, we really like Le-
high. We were just having a little fun,
and we hope that you've had some
too. As you might have noticed, this
has been our "All FOOLS" Issue,
something we hope will become an
annual project for GOBLET staffs of
the future.

This is your magazine! Any men
wishing to join the staff are welcome
to drop around to Drown Hall at 7:30
any Thursday evening.

If any of our readers have gripes,
comments, or suggestions concerning
the GOBLET they can drop them in
an envelope and address them to us
at Drown Hall.

Our next appearance will be during
Spring Houseparty Weekend and
we're now preparing a houseparty
souvenir issue. So if any of you guys
got stuff you want whispered to your
chicks why don't you just print it in
the GOBLET?

We'll be looking for you.

* * *

"Do you believe in Woman Suf-
frage?"

"No, they ought to send them to
the hospital."

* * *

Telephone Operator: "Is this
3-6745?"

House Maid: "Yassum."

T. O.: "Is this Mrs. Jones' resi-
dence?"

Maid: "Yassum."

T. O.: "Long distance from Wash-
ington."

Maid: "Heh! Heh! Yassum, it
sho' is."

"You certainly look cold, Miss
Bradley. I'll remove my coat and
wrap it around you."

"Oh, but—please don't take it
off."

* * *

From the latest fashion magazines
we read that there will be slight
changes in infant wear day to day.

* * *

She: "Then you really love me?"

He: "What do you think I've been
doing—shadow boxing?"

* * *

Movie Star: "I'll endorse your cig-
arettes for \$500,000."

Cigarette Magnate: "I'll see you
inhale first."

* * *

Then there is the story of the dead
dachshund. He met his end going
around a tree.

* * *

"George, this isn't our baby! This
is the wrong carriage!"

"Shut up. This is a better car-
riage."

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